

Ashtabula Telegraph.

JAMES REED & SON, Props.
ASHTABULA, OHIO.

A DEPARTING SHIP.

A cool, wide stretch of ocean lies,
A blue, sunlit, shimmering sea,
And endless depths of purple haze
Round down on either hand.

Dim woods show dark on yonder heights,
And gray rocks crown a rugged steep;
And glowing in the golden light
A ship sails on the deep.

I sit and wonder of her fate—
To what far country she is bound;
If favoring winds will for her wait—
Or stormy surge will round her round.

I gaze upon the temple sea,
That waves before her rapid way;
I hear the cyclones whistle free
Among the driving spray.

Far off, where burns the Southern Cross,
Her round a tempest-haunted eye,
Black waves against its massing bow,
Black clouds its dark drops.

Palm-crowned the distant islands lie,
The murmurous waves are soft and low,
As a soft breeze from a warm land,
They slowly ebb and flow.

The shores are rich with radiant bloom;
And vague and deep the coral spray
Amid the silences of the night
Their snowy whiteness rain.

Here, like a misty cloud that pales
When morning's glory through the night
Smiles for its earlier hours weep,
Passes utterly from sight.

The lonely water sings and swirls,
The gray gulls fling near the shore;
The waves are hushed and low,
With the calm that comes in a storm.

—James S. Collins, in Good Company.

PRESERVE OF MIND.

I HAVE always been celebrated for my presence of mind in emergencies.

Grandfather used to say that he never had a girl who was not afraid of a mouse or a spider, and how mother's daughter ever came to be so brave he couldn't guess. That was before I married, and, of course, I have not become timid with advancing years.

I am Mrs. Jasper Jackman; my husband, of course Mr. Jackman, and our place is known as Jackman's Nook. Nook, indeed! If there was a corner to the world, I should fancy it was put away in that, for it is the most out-of-the-way habitation that ever existed. It is indeed, you may say, it is only a few feet within fifty feet of it for the trees and the natty rocks.

"So romantic!" people say. I call it miserably lonesome.

Now you know I'm not the least bit nervous, but, having lived with father and mother and then with my mother-in-law, I did not enjoy being shut up all alone like a—well, a hyena in a menagerie, while Mr. Jackman attended to business in town; and I often thought if housebreakers were to make an attack upon the house, what should I do, a poor little woman, with no one to call upon? For I count Bridget as a great cipher in every occasion of life that does not involve soap-suds.

I told Jasper that, absolutely, if I had known what a place Jackman Nook was, I was not sure but that I should have thought of it as a refuge for old Dr. Mulligrew, whose palatial residence is in Fifth Avenue, New York City, as of course every body knows.

However, after you have once said "yes" to the gentleman who pops the question to you, you may say "no" ever after to all other questions for all he cares, for he'll have his own way always.

Mother-in-law Jackman having made Jasper promise that I must live always at the Nook was considered unanswerable; and, after all what could we do? We had it on our hands and feet, we lived there. I always knew that doing so would be the cause of my showing the presence of mind for which I am celebrated in my own family—if nowhere else. And so it came to pass.

One stormy night in November, in the year 1885—yes, the 4th of 11, for baby was just one year old on the 1st, and there was some of the cake I had made for his "blessed little birthday" still left in the pantry; and a cake of that size certainly never would last longer than that in our house. It was the most unpleasant day I remember to have lived through. The ground was soaked. The bare branches looked like so many skeletons, and the sky was the color Bridget's tin pans were when I first got down stairs this time last year.

In the city it would have been some fun to sit by the window and watch the folks go past, looking like so many drowned rats, but at the Nook (I should think it was a nook), there was nothing to be seen—absolutely nothing.

I had not a book which I had not read, and the paper was so wet, for I had forgotten to bring me some from the city, and I had finished all my sewing.

I spent my time as best I could; but how I did wish that the regiment which was encamped about half a mile away, was near enough to me to watch them drill if they did drill in such weather. Yet it was dreadfully lonesome. If you are so sociable with your servants they always presume upon it, and I do so love to talk.

Of course I watched the clouds with interest; if it should prove fair at last, Jasper would come home, and if it rained, he wouldn't.

Every now and then there would be a pretense of clearing off, and I began to hope for a pleasant sunset; but it was always a false pretense, and at last it poured as though there were going to be a second flood.

Bridget called me, as it was so near the Hudson whether it was likely to be a rise, and whether in that case "we wouldn't be drowned?" And I said "Yes." It was too bad, I know, but it was really some amusement on such a day to frighten the stupid girl.

I had my tea alone, as I do hate to have tea alone, if any woman in the world hates it—and then I put baby to sleep in her cradle in the sitting-room, and took my knitting, and was as comfortable as I could be under the circumstances, when I bethought me of the morning's paper, and I began to bring it to me, and the came to me at once.

"It's well-thought of, missus," she said, as she laid it in my lap. "It's yours will be lathered with the rain!" There's accounts of the house-breakers' in it."

"Of what?" I ejaculated; and, though I assure you I'm not the least nervous, my heart was in my mouth for a moment.

"Of the house-breakers, missus, and how the thieves in the world got into Mither Dinmore's house, that's situated on the same as this, neighboring nobody, and took all they could lay their hands on, to say nothing of half-murdering the old gentleman. The saint be above us this night."

There it was, sure enough, headed "A bold and outrageous attack upon the residence of Mr. Dinmore!" I read it through, and then I said to myself:

"Jerusha Jackman, remember your presence of mind. Don't let it fall you in cases of emergency. Should a house-breaker take advantage of your solitude, let him find you prepared." It was as though some invisible what's-his-name had addressed me from the chimney. I answered, "I will!" and you can't imagine how bold I grew at once. I rehearsed all that I should do in case Bridget came to me in the night, saying, "Missus, there's some one in the cellar!"—all I should do if I found any body in the morning when I retired, and I had the satisfaction of feeling that I was prepared. I might wake up to find the spoons gone—I might be murdered in my bed; but I would not be unprepared, and they would write upon my tombstone the words: "She showed good presence of mind to the last." I felt quite self-possessed and happy, though I was certainly, yes, morally certain, that something remarkable would happen before morning; that I should be, as it were, weighed in the balance and not found wanting before the sun arose. I did not feel like retiring early, and sat by the fire until the clock struck eleven. Then, just as the last stroke died away, Bridget came down from her bedroom like a red flannel ghost, with eyes and mouth wide open, and something of importance evident on her countenance. I put baby down in her cradle and arose, drawing myself up to my full height, and feeling that I was the only one to be depended on in this awful emergency.

"Bridget," said I, "how many are they? Is it one or more?"

"Mum!" said Bridget.

"The thieves, I mean," said I.

"Oh, it's the thieves, mum," said Bridget. "It's only that of a wind that's took the roof off the chicken-house, and there's the wee bits of chickens a starvin' to death with cold."

"And in this dreadful rain, too," said I.

"It's clared off fine," said Bridget. "And the moon's up."

So it actually was, and I began to feel very brave.

"We must go out and put them in the wood-house," said I. And so saying, I tucked baby up in his blankets, and wrapping a shawl over my head, went out into the night air. It had grown very cold, but it was clear, as Bridget had said, and we paddled round in the mid catching the poor little chickens. We had them all at last, except one, and we heard its little voice—sweet, sweet, somewhere, and of course could not be so near as I wanted to be. And at last it was, tangled up in some dead vines, and as cold as a lump of ice. By the time we gave it to its mother, who was very glad to see it, the clock struck twelve. Baby had been alone three-quarters of an hour.

"Minster's darling!" sound asleep yet!" I said to myself as I cradled. Merciful powers! shall I ever forget that moment? Baby was not there!

In a moment the truth flashed on my mind. Housebreakers had entered the dwelling in my absence, and stolen my treasure. Perhaps they were in the house yet, or on the roof. I felt the strength of a tigress, and, leaving Bridget staring in the dining-room, rushed up stairs.

Sure enough, there was a light in my bed-room, and I peeped in. The moment I did so, I felt I was powerless. The robbers were there, and I felt the strength of a tigress, and, leaving Bridget staring in the dining-room, rushed up stairs.

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On my presence of mind depended the recovery of my child and my own life. In a moment the plan dashed upon me. There was one door to the room, and the windows were high and barred, for I had contemplated the time when baby should be large enough to climb up and lean out. Noiselessly and suddenly I drew that door to and locked it on the outside; then, with the key in my hand, as trembling like an aspen leaf, I stole down stairs and cried to Bridget:

"I've locked them in; they shall give my baby back; come with me!" and away I went across the garden and down the road to the first house.

This was "Mulligan's Tavern," a very low place, indeed, abuzzed by all respectable folk; but I knew there were always men there who were afraid of nobody. The greatest brutes would not refuse aid to a woman at such a time.

As we came near I saw a light in one of the windows, and heard voices and loud laughter. It was one time to the money, so I burst the door open and ran in. There were four men playing cards, and old Mrs. Mulligan behind the bar.

"Oh! please excuse me," I cried; "but do come right away. There are housebreakers in my house, and they've stolen my baby."

"Stole the baby?" cried old Mrs. Mulligan.

"Oh, Pat," said the old woman; "never mind the game. It's Missus Jackman's baby, is it? Well, she's the next neighbors to us. Take yer pistol an' away wid yer boys. An' Missus, just take a drop o' serechin' hot whiskey to kape the life in ye."

Of course I refused the latter offer, but in a moment the men were on their feet, and I felt like blessing them—those half-savage creatures who had become my protectors.

I don't know how we got to the house or upstairs. I remember an awful tumult, a small of gunpowder, oaths and shouts. Then there was silence—then a loud laugh.

"It's three, boys!" said old Mulligan's voice. "I know Mither Jackman, an' it's hisself. It's a great mistake—that's all."

A singular mistake to enter a man's house, and endeavor to shoot him in the back, and then to say "It's a great mistake—that's all."

He was there, and so was baby, for he held her in his arms; and there, also, was Mulligan and his friends and their pistols, and half the furniture was broken and the stove upset. But as for the housebreakers, they began to see the truth. Mr. Mulligan was backing out.

"I'll have Mrs. Jackman to explain," he said. "An' I'm proud I didn't kill ye, though it's out of friendship I'd have done it; for if yer own wife took ye for a housebreaker, how would I know better? The top of the night till ye, an' I'll have the lady to explain."

"Ah! I did really want that the ground would open and swallow me. You see,

my husband had come home while we were hunting up the chickens, and finding baby wide awake, had taken her up to bed and gone to sleep. And the robber under the bed was his muddy boots, with, of course, no feet in them; and well there were none, for they were rid of with bullet holes. Mr. Mulligan had fired at them, fortunately. When I thought of the awful danger Jasper and the baby had been in, I went into strong hysterics at once, and frightened Jasper so that he was glad to forgive me when I came to myself. It was a terrible mistake, and might have ended seriously, of course; but I will say now and always, that it was Jasper's fault, and that if he had been a housebreaker he might all have been thankful for my great presence of mind.—N. Y. Sunday Times.

Adventure with a Monster Rattlesnake in a Mine.

DR. BARTLESON, of this city, says the Tombstone (Arizona) Express, had quite a thrilling experience last week. While at Socorro on business he thought he would take a look at the mines near town. The object of interest is the old mine, now a forgotten name—worked ages ago for light and one living lumps, and which has two shafts, one recently reopened to a depth of forty-five feet, where drifts indicate a first level. No explorations beyond a few feet from the depth named have been made, though it is evident that the two shafts were connected at this level. Dismal of a giant underground, and at the same time expressing astonishment that none of the miners of the camp or owners of the mine had worked up sufficient curiosity to explore the discovery, the Doctor was lowered into the shaft by a rope and a bucket, a taper was lighted, and the drift along the vein entered upon. A chamber 10x25 was soon entered by crawling a distance on all fours, after an examination of which and the selection of some ores the door of discovery was continued. To proceed to the necessary to crawl, and the Doctor once more assumed the infantile position of locomotion. An advance of a few feet had been made, when a cold, clammy substance was touched by the hand, and two bright, glistering orbs gradually rose in air and lighted the Doctor's face. The Doctor, who had been struck with the sight, almost instantly a hissing, rattling sound started the hearing, and the Doctor realized that he had encountered a rattlesnake. To retreat was the work of a second, and the chamber just left was soon regained. Assuming an upright position, the Doctor cast a hasty glance at the aperture from whence he had emerged, and lo and behold, there approached his adversary, which, when seeing the disturber of his quiet, coiled himself for a spring. A look was sufficient to satisfy the Doctor that the snake was the largest of his species and a determined foe. To retreat was to invite and hasten the attack, with the chances in favor of the snake. To take the aggressive, then, was the work of another second, and, picking up a stick, the Doctor hurled it with all his might at the prostrated, vibrating head of the snake just as he was in the act of springing. The exertion of throwing the ore extinguished the taper, and the horror of the situation can well be imagined but never accurately described. The darkness, the dread uncertainty of the location of the reptile; the torturing ignorance of the success or failure of the blow, the fear to move, all combined to hasten the hair-raising, chilling terror of the situation. To retreat the taper was determined upon, and the Doctor, without the realization of the fact, took the snake would take advantage of the first ray of light and spring upon its prey. With fear and trembling the Doctor eagerly followed the advancing rays of the taper as they lit up the chamber, and his feelings of relief and joy can well be imagined as he saw the snake welling in the air and falling to the ground. The snake was not three feet distant, the stunned body of the snake—the aim with the rock had been a success. At this time the Doctor bethought himself of his revolver, and, placing it near the reptile, he drew the trigger and dispatched him. The snake was not three feet distant, the stunned body of the snake—the aim with the rock had been a success. At this time the Doctor bethought himself of his revolver, and, placing it near the reptile, he drew the trigger and dispatched him.

One of the most noted characters on the border town of Fort Bridger, Utah, on one occasion he came to New York. He did not like the narrow downtown streets with high buildings on each side, and complained that he had once lost his way in "Day Street Canyon," and had been rescued with difficulty by the police. He liked the theaters, and expressed the utmost delight at a performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." He had no clear idea who Shakespeare was, but conceived and developed the most extravagant admiration for him.

Returning to the Fort, he sold stock and supplies to emigrants and other travelers as in time past. One day a man wished to buy some oxen, and Jim said he could have any except one yoke, which he had made up his mind to keep at all hazards. In the morning a messenger came to say that he wanted this yoke, and none other.

"He can't have 'em," said Jim. "There's no use talkin'."

"Well, he wants them, and is just a-waitin' for them," said the messenger. "He's a settler, there, readin' a book called 'Shakespeare.'"

"Eh?" yelled Jim, jumping to his feet. "Did you say—Shakespeare? Here, curse you, give me my boots."

He ran to the corral.

"Stranger," said Jim, "just give me that book, an' take these oxen."

"Oh, no," said the man. "I only brought the book to read on the way. I will give it to you."

"Stranger," said Jim resolutely, "just you take them oxen, and give me that book." And so the man did.

Jim hired a reader at fifty dollars per month, and listened to Shakespeare every evening. All went well, until one night, as the reader came to the proposed murder of the Princess in the Tower, Jim sprang from his seat, with blazing eyes, and yelled, in thunder tones, "Hold on there! Jest wait till I get my rifle, an' I'll shoot the cursed scoundrel!"

As one of his old "pards" justly remarked, a sincere compliment was never paid to Shakespeare.—Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine.

A VERMONT man can take an ox, enter a burning dwelling and do over \$70 damage to the furniture, and all the while believe he is making a gallant fight against the flames.—Boston Post.

THERE is a report that Mr. J. W. Mackey, of California, has offered to purchase the French crown jewels.

TRIBUTE seems to be brewing between France and Italy over the question of the right of the former to obtain a footing in Tunis. The Italian press is doing its best to foment a squabble. Among other works of civilization the well have constructed, with the consent of the Bey of Tunis, lines of submarine telegraph between Tunis and the French colonies in Africa. The Italians desire to establish offices in Tunis and to use these cables. To this the French object, saying: "Lay all the cables you want yourselves, but don't interfere with ours." The Paris Figaro informs the Italians that they must be content to play second fiddle to France in a country in which she has already the upper hand by the right of being the first comer.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]
Miraculous Escape.
At the close of a course of lectures at Burlington lately, Prof. Tice was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill with Neuritis of the chest, his pulse falling from 80 to 25, and physicians failed to relieve him. Thinking of St. Jacob's Oil, the professor ordered it to be applied on himself and was instantaneously relieved. In one hour the pain was gone, and he left for his home in St. Louis.

AN old Judge of the New York Supreme Court meeting a friend in a neighboring village exclaimed, "Why, what are you doing here?" "I'm at work, trying to make an honest living," was the reply. "Then you'll have no competition?"

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]
Mrs. O. Wickham, wife of the proprietor of this paper, says: "I can recommend Hamburg Drops most highly. I had suffered for six years with Rheumatism in the face, and all known remedies to effect a cure. Now, after taking these Hamburg Drops, the rheumatism and itching have entirely disappeared, and I am well and strong again."

"Wants there cats in the ark?" is a question that is troubling the religious editor of an exchange. Certainly there were, and the first thing they said after leaving that ancient craft was, "If there's a ratar round here, we want to gopher it."

A NEW standard for determining sobriety was formulated by a witness in the city court of Bridgeport, Conn., one morning recently. "Was the man drunk?" the lawyer inquired. "He couldn't have been drunk," was the reply. "For he knew when the other man hit him."

The University of Chicago has recently conferred the Degree of Doctor of Music upon Prof. H. R. Palmer.

A LITTLE boy seeing an actress on the stage with her hair all banged and frizzed, said: "Ma, see how her hair sneezes."

Abraham the Great
Wept because there were no more waters to conquer, but the proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Family Medicine, who have found it necessary to establish a branch of the World's Dispensary at London, England, in order to supply from that great commercial emporium these remedies for the benefit of the people, where they are largely in demand, do not share the great conqueror's sentiments, as their courage and their faith have made them only the conqueror but the people who employ them. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all blood and skin diseases, scrofulous affections, swellings and internal sores. Dr. Pierce's Family Medicine cures all diseases of the female system, and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Remedy for colds and all bowel affections, as dysentery, dysentery, and the World's Dispensary Medical Association, proprietors, Buffalo and London.

The Herald and Globe, Rutland, Vt., is the journal determined to follow is clipped: "The cheapest, most successful, and the most reliable of all the remedies for the cure of the disease known as Bright's Disease and Diabetes by the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure."

Frederic Aske Grosvenor.
Best in the world for the cure of the Frazz Lubricator Co., at Chicago, New York and St. Louis. Sold everywhere.

WILSON'S Fever and Ague Tonic. The old reliable remedy now sells at one dollar.

A DISTASTEFUL feature of Redding's Russia Salve is its power to reduce inflammation.

Use only C. Gilbert's pure Corn Starch.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 17, 1890.	
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1.14 1/2
WHEAT—No. 2	1.14 1/2
WHEAT—No. 3	1.14 1/2
WHEAT—No. 4	1.14 1/2
WHEAT—No. 5	1.14 1/2
WHEAT—No. 6	1.14 1/2
WHEAT—No. 7	1.14 1/2
WHEAT—No. 8	1.14 1/2
WHEAT—No. 9	1.14 1/2
WHEAT—No. 10	1.14 1/2
WHEAT—No. 11	1.14 1/2
WHEAT—No. 12	1.14 1/2
WHEAT—No. 13	1.14 1/2
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WHEAT—No. 15	1.14 1/2
WHEAT—No. 16	1.14 1/2
WHEAT—No. 17	1.14 1/2
WHEAT—No. 18	1.14 1/2
WHEAT—No. 19	1.14 1/2
WHEAT—No. 20	1.14 1/2
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WHEAT—No. 25	1.14 1/2
WHEAT—No. 26	1.14 1/2
WHEAT—No. 27	1.14 1/2
WHEAT—No. 28	1.14 1/2
WHEAT—No. 29	1.14 1/2
WHEAT—No. 30	1.14 1/2

CINCINNATI.	
WHEAT—Family	\$5.15
WHEAT—No. 1	50.00
WHEAT—No. 2	50.00
WHEAT—No. 3	50.00
WHEAT—No. 4	50.00
WHEAT—No. 5	50.00
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PITTSBURGH.	
WHEAT—Family	\$5.15
WHEAT—No. 1	50.00
WHEAT—No. 2	50.00
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WHEAT—No. 29	50.00
WHEAT—No. 30	50.00

REVERIES—Best Medium \$4.80 \$5.15
HOGS—Common \$4.25 \$4.50
SHEEP—Common \$4.00 \$4.25
WHEAT—Western \$1.02 1/2 \$1.03 1/2
CORN—High Mixed \$1.02 1/2 \$1.03 1/2
GATS—No. 2 \$1.02 1/2 \$1.03 1/2

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CORN—High Mixed \$1.02 1/2 \$1.03 1/2
GATS—No. 2 \$1.02 1/2 \$1.03 1/2

WATERBURY'S

FOR SEEDING AND EXTRACTING JUICE FROM ALL FRUITS AND BERRIES.

THE HARDWARE TRADE.

Fruit, Wine and Jelly Press

THE GREAT GREEN

BLOOD PURIFIER,
CURES DYSPEPSIA,
Liver Complaint, Constipation, Bilious Attacks, Indigestion, Jaundice, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Dizziness, Nervousness, Depression of Spirits, Sores, Boils, Pimples, Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Foul Breath, and all Diseases arising from Impure Blood.

The Hamburg Drops are recommended as being the best and most reliable of all blood purifiers, and are sold by Druggists and Dealers at 50 Cents per Bottle. Wholesale and Retail, Germania, Germany. Sole Importers, J. C. VOLLER & CO., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

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THE GREAT
Kidney and Liver Medicine,
CURES ALL Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder, and Urinary Organs; Dropsy, Gravel, Rheumatism, Gout, Diabetes, Pains in the Back, Loin, or Side; Retention of Urine, Nervous Diseases, Female Weakness, Catarrh of the Bladder, Hemorrhoids, Biliousness, Headache, Stomach, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Constipation & Piles.

CITIZEN WHEN ALL OTHER MEDICINES fail, as it is directly and at once on the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels, restoring them to their normal condition. HUNT'S REMEDY is a safe, sure and speedy cure, and hundreds have been cured by it when physicians and friends had given them up for lost. Do not delay, try at once HUNT'S REMEDY.

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Prices, 75 cents and \$1.25. Large size the cheapest. Ask your druggist for HUNT'S REMEDY. Take no other.

ASTHMA

Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy.

The late Jonas Whitcomb, of Boston, visited Europe a few years since for the benefit of his health, which was suffering from the effects of a cold, and was cured by the use of Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma, a cough, and a wheezing sound in the chest, which had been cured by the use of the remedy. It contains no opium or other dangerous ingredients, and is a safe and reliable remedy for the cure of Asthma, Cough, and all other respiratory diseases.

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